

POETRY

WHEN WE GROW OLD.

When we grow old, and when the
Haze wears, grown, maybe,
I wonder will you look that day
As truthfully to
When we grow old, sweetheart
Love's tenderest tales are told,
What old ones shall we whisper
Dear love, when we grow old?

Now time is young—how light,
We young,
We shall can hear his feet,
Save that oach footfall leaves
song
To make our dreaming sweet.
But time steals on, sweetheart,
when

Doctor. Couldn't you make it silver — Boston Transcript.

"Do you use slang?"

"No; I've quit. I'm speaking English. To have your slang and up-to-date requires also too much study." — Washington

"I wonder why Miss Snow is

Father—"Because there's usual doubt about getting it in a y Judge."

"What do they mean by the presson, spilling the beans?"

"It is from the Boston, and the divulging of information con in which one should have been reticent."—Pittsburgh Post.

O'Shaughnessy—When the over it's conscription we'll be I'm thinkin'.

Heary—"Sure—there'll be n scription; but we'll all of us be to be volunteers."—London Ske

Friend—What are you thank this year. Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—"I'm a sub wealth side Ah am thankful

Under the new election law in Kansas it will be necessary for a voter to make the name of the candidate for whom he wants to vote. It will no longer be possible to vote for a candidate by marking the straight ballot by marking the name of the ticket as formerly.

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